

The Middletown Transcript

Mail Close as Follows.

Going North—7:25 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 4:05 p. m.
6:00 p. m. and 8 p. m.
Going South—8:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., and 8 p. m.
For Odessa—7:50 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 4:30 p. m.
For Warwick, Cecilton and Eariville 8:30 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., AUG. 29 1908.

Local News

All the latest styles in wall paper at J. E. Ginn's. Long distance phone No. 109.

Sample leather bags \$1.00 kind for 50 cts. \$2.00 kind for \$1.00. A. FOGEL

High-grade dental service. Examination and estimate, free. Dr. J. Allen Johnson, Middletown. 'Phone 18.

FOR SALE.—Partition suitable for office with 5 frosted glass windows and double doors. Apply to D. R. P. SMITH.

After June 1st, the Library hours will be as follows: Tuesday, 7 to 8:30 P. M.; Saturday, 3 to 5 and 7 to 8:30 P. M.

All paperhanging done by me guaranteed to be satisfactory. Long distance 'phone No. 109. J. E. GINN.

Just arrived, about 50 Sample Skirts, all the new fall styles and colors. A. FOGEL

Dr. J. C. Stites has removed his dental office to the building recently vacated by the Western Union Telegraph Co., next door to J. L. Shepherd's office.

Let us estimate on your paperhang before placing your order. Long distance 'phone No. 109. J. E. GINN.

High-grade dental service. Examination and estimate, free. Dr. J. Allen Johnson, Middletown. 'Phone 18.

All next week will have an Odd and End Sale. Every odd piece of goods in our store must go. Read our ad. A. FOGEL

Mr. G. L. Cochran has received the agency for the Mitchell and Ford automobiles, and will open a garage and keep an expert who will do all kinds of repairing.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.—We contract in Delaware and Maryland for the best Wire Fence made. See us before buying and be convinced.

AGURE & WILSON.

The Cochran & Jones Lumber Co., have a full assortment of lumber at their yard in Georgetown, Md., and are receiving large quantities of lumber daily for their yard in Middletown. A trial order is solicited.

REMOVAL NOTICE.—Dr. M. B. Burstan, Eye Specialist and Optician, has removed his optical office to North East corner Broad and Main Sts, second floor of Burstan's Corner Store.

Unclaimed Letters.—The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the post office for the week ending Aug. 20: Emma Frances, Miss Rillie Jones, Miss Eleanor Jones, Mrs. Emma Rolf, R. F. D.; David Morris, George Roppel, S. M. Sherwood.

Does your subscription fall due in August? Watch the label on THE TRANSCRIPT coming to you and send your remittance. Remember the postal law only allows us to give you one year's credit. We will appreciate your attending to this matter promptly.

On account of the continued absence of Rev. F. H. Moore, Rev. J. A. Arters will preach in the Forest Presbyterian Church on to-morrow (Sunday) morning, there being no services in the evening. Mr. Arters will also lead the prayer service on Wednesday evening.

James T. Shallicross, a member of the State Board of Agriculture and one of the best-known farmers of the State, has determined to experiment with Alaska wheat on his farm. He has studied the subject considerably and thinks that the grain will do well in Delaware soil.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Cox returned from Philadelphia Thursday, where they had been attending the marriage of their niece, Edith Dell Petherbridge to Jackson Whitney Study of Philadelphia. The marriage was performed by Rev. C. W. Stillman pastor of 25th and Columbia, Ave. M. E. Church at high noon on Wednesday, August 26. A wedding breakfast followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Study will reside in Philadelphia.

Dr. M. B. Burstan, Eye Specialist and Optician has removed his optical office to second floor of Naudain Building, entrance through Burstan's corner store. Dr. Burstan is a graduate of the Northern Illinois College, of Chicago, has practiced this profession in that town for the past two years, has on his books the names of hundreds of our most prominent physicians, lawyers, ministers, merchants, etc., and has never made impossible claims or pretensions, this with the fact that he has been a resident of Middletown for twenty years bespeaks for him the confidence of the people.

Base ball talk is the whole topic of conversation in our town now. On Thursday a challenge was issued by Messrs. Arthur Crow and Robert Jones to our local team as to the outcome of a discussion with one of the managers as to the calibre of some of our boys who have been out of the line up of the team. The challenge was promptly accepted by managers Stevens and Crouch and a game was arranged for Wednesday next, September 2. Richards will be the boy for the local team and Jolls will do the slab work for the unknowns. Jolls has recently pitched two very fine games, and is in good form. Quite a little curiosity has been displayed as to the line up of the challenging team, but the managers refuse to give it out as yet, but assure us that several good ones are included. It is understood that they are all to come from a radius of four miles of Middletown. The admission will be: Adults, 20 cents, Children, free.

One of the most unique and pleasant outings of the season was the Progressive "Wading" Party given by Miss Eliza C. Green, on Monday afternoon at Aldrich Beach, near Port Penn. The outing was greatly enjoyed by the fair participants until several rude fisherman appeared on the scene, when the party had an abrupt ending. A fine lunch was served after which the ladies returned home, reaching home in the early evening. Among those present were: Mrs. Harold Green, Mrs. D. W. Lewis, Misses Susie Foard, Helen Cochran, Louise McDowell and Eliza Green.

BASE BALL

Middletown Defeated Smyrna by the Score of 5 to 3.

One of the most interesting ball games played in this town during the season was played here on Saturday between the local team and Smyrna, when the home team defeated the visitors by the score of 5 to 3. One of the features of the game was the home run made by Atkins in the sixth inning with two men on bases. Richards pitched in his usual good form and allowed the visitors only seven hits. The line up and score by innings follows:

MIDDLETON

	R. H. O. A. E.
Byron ss	0 0 4 3 1
Gibbe 1b	1 1 10 1 0
Gibbe c	1 1 6 1 0
Adkins 2b	2 2 3 3 0
Donohue cf	1 0 0 0 0
Craddock 3b	0 1 2 1 1
Jolls lf	1 1 0 0 0
Richards p	0 2 1 2 0
Davis rf	0 1 0 0 1
Lewis rf	0 0 0 0 0
Totals,	6 9 27 11 3

SMYRNA

	R. H. O. A. E.
Turner 2b	1 0 2 4 3
Inman 1b	1 1 9 0 2
Lynan c	1 2 11 1 1
Collins p	0 0 1 1 0
Thompson 3b	0 0 1 1 0
Bell lf	1 1 0 0 0
King cf	0 1 2 0 0
Hynson ss	0 1 0 2 1
McFee rf	1 1 0 0 0
Totals,	5 7 27 9 7

Middletown.....0 0 0 0 5 0 0 1-6

Smyrna.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 4-5

Umpire, Charles Jones.

THE REPUBLICAN CAUCUS

The Republicans of St. Georges hundred held a caucus in Odessa on Monday evening, at which time district and hundred officers were named. The meeting was attended by a large number of Republicans from all parts of the hundred, and the candidates selected are all good men.

They are not men who were seeking the different offices, but the choice of those in attendance at the meeting, and they are worthy the support of all loyal Republicans at the primaries on Saturday next, September 5th.

Mr. Alex. P. Corbit was selected for the Senate from this district, and his record in the lower house during the last session of the legislature is all the recommendation the voters of the sixth district should want.

Mr. H. W. Pharo who was the choice of the caucus for Representative is well known to the voters of this section, as qualified to fill this important office with credit to himself and the party.

Assessor the names of Messrs. Joseph A. Suydam, George W. Ingram and Edgar B. Vail are offered to the voters, and all of them are well qualified for the position.

BAKER BICYCLE FIVE

The prettiest quintette performance ever seen in an arena is the one given by the famous English Baker Quintette of expert fancy and trick bicycle riders. There are three men, two ladies and two little tots, who, while they ride, form beautiful tableaux, in which exquisitely handsome and costly costumes add to the general attractiveness, and appeal especially to the ladies and children in the audience. In contradistinction to the Bakers they are immediately followed by the Tramp A wheel. With a comic disdain for all the conventionalities he carries it into his unshaven face and tattered habiliments. He rides up and down stairs, jumps with his wheel and while a way, and he is also the only rider of the Giraffe bicycle with his saddle fifteen feet higher than his wheel. The Baker Quintette are also skatological artists of wonderful ability. With the Frank A. Robbins Shows. Will exhibit in Middletown, Saturday, August 29th.

WARRICK

Mr. J. W. Johns was in Philadelphia this week.

Our public school will reopen Monday, September 11th.

Mr. John H. R. Price has returned from Atlantic City.

Miss Simeon Duryea is entertaining his uncle of New York City.

The Diamond State Telephone Co. are putting in taller poles in town.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Merritt were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Uriel P. Ginn.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Stephens were the guest of Mary A. Lofland on Sunday last.

Washington Camp, No. 8, P. O. S. of A. meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

A straw ride to Fredericksburg was enjoyed by a number of our young people last week.

Owing to the inclement weather there were few of our town people at the Toluchester Fair.

Mr. P. F. Johns has returned home, after a short visit with her parents near Kennedysville.

Miss Lydia Johnson, of Harrington, Del., being entertained at the home of Mrs. Mary A. Lofland.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Jamison and daughter, of Wilmington, are visiting in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Merritt.

Sacramental services at the Methodist Protestant Church to-morrow, (Sunday), morning at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. C. M. Culom, pastor.

CECILTON

Nelson Taylor, of Philadelphia, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. E. Knock, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. C. Windsor.

Mrs. D. B. Jones, of Townsend, has been visiting relatives here.

Mrs. J. R. Smith and children are visiting relatives in Delaware.

Mrs. W. Freeman, of Philadelphia, has been visiting her parents here.

Robert Anderson is visiting his sister, Mrs. T. Moffit, near St. Paul.

Samuel Horlock has moved into his new home recently built at Cash Corner.

Mr. J. P. Steele, of Chesapeake City, was the guest of Mr. J. T. Watts on Sunday and Monday.

Miss Georgina Walmsley has returned home, after spending sometime with relatives near Elkton.

Mr. George Oldham, of Philadelphia, is spending this week with his parents, Mr. G. Oldham and wife.

John Freeman, of Philadelphia, is spending several days this week with his grandparents, Mr. H. Black and wife.

Mr. L. B. Manlove, wife and daughter, of Warwick, were the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Snyder, on Sunday.

Mrs. William Jones and daughter, Miss Helen, and Mrs. J. H. Smith have been visiting Mr. W. F. Dawson, at Church Hill.

Miss Alberta Ferguson who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Byron Bonchelle, at Chesapeake City, has returned home.

Mrs. R. I. Watkins and daughters, Misses Helen and Grace, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Starr, in Baltimore.

Mrs. Boulah Crossan, of Wilmington,

PERSONALITIES.

Mr. E. S. Jones has returned from Atlantic City.

Mrs. Isaac M. Green is spending some time in Philadelphia.

Master Eugene Ahern is visiting relatives in Centreville, Md.

Mr. F. C. MacSorley, of Townsend, is the guest of Mr. James Atkins.

Mr. Samuel Pennington, of Philadelphia, was in town on Saturday.

Miss Daisy Scott, of Dover, is the guest of Mrs. Mary Drury and family.

Miss Rebecca Shivery, of St. Georges, is visiting her son, Mr. John Webb and family.

Mr. H. Robin Wilson spent the past week with friends in the Quaker City.

Mr. A. M. Brown, of Brooklyn, Mass., was the guest of friends here on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Duke, of Baltimore, are visiting their cousin, Charles Schuman.

Mr. Harry Moore and children, of Elton spent Monday with Mrs. T. Whitlock.

Rev. P. L. Donaghay has been entertaining Rev. Arthur Reeve, of Boston, Mass.

Finances of Camp—Total receipts for the year, \$10,930.11; total expenditures, \$9,201.89; paid in fees, \$2,663.02; cash in treasury, \$2,548.49; amount invested, \$1,475.07; value of camp property, \$3,003.35; total value of camp, \$7,086.81.

Statistical report—Number of camps August 26th, 1907, 23; number of members August 23rd; 128; admitted by card, 5; reinstated, 1; resigned, 1; died, 6; dropped, 235; expelled, 0; present number of members, 1235; a decrease of 108.

A resolution was adopted recommending the organization of a dental benefit fund and a committee was appointed to consider it and report at the next annual meeting. The erection of a monument and the preservation of Stratford, the home of Washington, and the Lee's in Virginia was endorsed. The appropriation committee was composed of Frank Hall, H. R. Losse and M. T. Calloway.

At the opening of the afternoon session the following officers were elected:

First State President, Charles N. McMunn, Port Penn; State President, H. R. Moore, Magnolia, Del.; State Vice President, A. F. Parsons, Wilmington; State Master of Forms, Newton L. Grubb; State Inspector, M. T. Calloway.

Miss Mabello Ford, of Clayton, was the guest of her cousin, Miss Bertha Jones, several days last week.

Mr. Charles Schuman and children have returned home, after a week's visit with relatives in Glasgow.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Schroeder and daughter Henrietta returned Thursday from a sojourn at Rehoboth.

Mrs. H. A. Dempsey and little daughter of Newport, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Echenhofer.

Mr. and Mrs. Oakley Vinyard, of Jersey City, N. J., spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Vinyard.

Dr. R. A. Comegys and wife, of Philadelphia, have been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Comegys.

Miss Jean Gross, of Philadelphia, is spending some time with her cousin, Miss Katherine P. Green, near town.

Miss Elinor Spicknall, of Baltimore, is spending a few weeks with her friend, Miss Frances McCrone, on Green street.

Miss Helen Shepherd, of Rising Sun, Md., spent several days the first of the week with her cousin, Miss Jessie Shepherd.

A Chase Across the Square

There had been an epidemic of burglaries in and about the quiet precincts of Randolph Square, and the residents of that desirable neighborhood had been shaken out of their usual reserve by these occurrences, and were on edge with excitement.

Jack Lane, who lived happily with Mrs. Jack in a corner house on the west side of the square, was very philosophical regarding the burglar.

Don't worry, dear, he said one evening, as they were going to bed. I have burglar insurance you know.

Burglar insurance would not bring back all my lovely wedding presents. You men have absolutely no sentiment, declared Mrs. Jack.

Well, dear, go to bed, laughed Jack. I will stand guard, he exclaimed, striking as dramatic an attitude as was possible for a man in pajamas, and I will shoot down any man who dares to put a profaning hand on the least of those berry spoons.

Stand guard! exclaimed Mrs. Jack scornfully. You know that you will be asleep in ten minutes and then you would not hear a burglar if he sat down and played the piano.

Well, it is just as well, dear, laughed Jack, because I am not a very good shot, and perhaps the burglar is, and you would not want him to play my funeral march, now would you, even if he were musical.

You absurd boy! Well, I hope we won't have the luck that Barringtons had, she went on resignedly. They lost such a lot of things. And then, after a moment's deep thought she added, I wonder if Amy Barrington is going to marry that Clyde Jepson.

Good gracious, I thought you were going to propound some learned theory regarding the Barrington burglary.

Well, I had rather she married someone else, declared Mrs. Jack positively. Even that man from Boston, whom they say is devoted to her, though of course that would take her away from here.

Jack's reply was a slight but palpable snore.

He is asleep! exclaimed Mrs. Jack. I wish men took more interest in love affairs, she sighed. It is such fun to talk them over. But Jack is a dear, all the same. And she lay there and was having a good think about Jack, when suddenly she heard a slight but distinct sound on the floor below.

Jack! she whispered.

What! Jack was wide awake now.

I heard a queer sound downstairs.

Oh, I don't believe it is anything, said Jack, turning over. It is probably the cat or one of those wicker chairs creaking, or something.

Jack, I believe you would let them take every wedding present I have without making a move.

All right, dear, said Jack, getting into his slippers, I'll get my pistol and take a look around.

Oh, Jack, you don't suppose there really is any one, do you? Because, if there is, I would not have you go down-stairs for the world.

Well, dear, if there isn't, he won't hurt me, and if there is, he will get the presents while we are talking about it, answered Jack, moving toward the door.

Jack walked softly to the head of the stair. The light was burning in the lower hall as usual, and he could see that the front door was closed. But, as he looked, the shining brass knob gave back a quick reflection that was gone in an instant, as though a moving light had struck against it. The dining-room door was directly at the other end of the hall, and, if the door was open, a man working with a bull's-eye in that room would be likely to flash it down the hall and against the door knob.

Lane went quietly down the stairs keeping close to the wall, and, when he reached the bottom, he peered around the big old-fashioned newell-post toward the dining-room. The door was open, but he could see no light and could hear nothing.

Taking a sure grip on his revolver he made a quick step across the hall and touched the button at the side of the front door, and the whole lower floor was a blaze of light.

Lane took a quiet look around, but saw no one and nothing ap-

peared to have been disturbed.

When he reached the door of the drawing room a puff of air struck his face and he saw the curtain at one of the side windows waving. The window was wide open.

Hello! he ejaculated. This looks like the real thing. Has he gone, or where is he?

A glance down the long drawing room showed that there was one there. The door into the library was at the end of the room. It was closed. Lane walked down to it, and, holding the pistol leveled in his right hand, threw the door open and took a swift look around, the aim of his pistol following the direction of his eyes.

No one here, he muttered. He has got clean away, unless—

Jack! Oh, Jack! came a frightened cry from the second story. He is up here. Oh!

Almost with the cry came a swift rush down the front stairs, and a man in evening clothes, with light overcoat flying wide open, dashed across the drawing-room straight at the open window.

Lane fired at the flying figure, but he might as well have aimed at a comet. The man was gone like a flash of light.

Lane's blood was up with the firing of the shot. He rushed to the window, and firing again as the burglar disappeared around the corner, he jumped after him but tripped on the window ledge and landed in a heap. Gathering himself up he dashed to the corner and almost into the arms of a man who came running across the street.

Hello, Lane! What are you doing out here in pajamas firing your pistol like a wild west show!

A burglar! that gentleman burglar who has been robbing us all, panted Lane. Didn't you see him, Jepson?

I saw a fellow in a light-colored overcoat run around the corner of your house, going forty miles an hour, just as I heard your last shot. Is that your man?

Yes! exclaimed Lane. Which way did he go?

He ran diagonally across the square, answered Jepson. I haven't a gun.

You have a stout stick there though. I'll shoot him and you beat him over the head. We have got to get that man, I tell you. And Lane all affer now with the man-hunting instinct, raced across the square with the unwilling Jepson in his wake.

Hold on, gasped Jepson at length, holding on his sides. What is the good of this. At the these things? demanded Lane.

I—stammered the man. Well, Miss Barrington gave them to me.

That is a likely story, put in Jepson. Miss Barrington told me herself that the watch had been stolen.

I can explain about that if—

We don't want any explanations, cut in Jepson. Come along now and if you try to escape I'll brain you with my stick and Lane will put a hole through you.

And the trio walked through the quiet streets to the Barringtons.

Jepson rang the bell and said to the servant who came to the door: "If Miss Barrington has not retired please ask her if Mr. Jepson may see her for a moment on an important matter. Do not say that there is any one with me."

Lane went on with an air of importance, when they had gone into the drawing room, Miss Barrington very nervous and the sight of you with a pistol in your hand guarding the burglar, might upset her. I would suggest that you take the fellow into the library and I will prepare her and then call you in.

All right, agreed Lane, taking the prisoner into the library.

In a moment Jepson heard Miss Barrington's step, and he rose to meet her with proudly beating heart.

Good evening, Mr. Jepson, she said. I hope you bring no bad news. The maid told me you came on a matter of importance, and it is so late and all, that I was afraid.

No, Miss Barrington, answered Jepson impressively. I do not bring bad news. In fact I am sure that you will be delighted to know that although I have been through a very exciting and I may say dangerous experience this evening, it has resulted in the capture of the burglar who has been robbing all our houses, and given me the great pleasure

of restoring to you your watch and your ring.

We know that you are the burglar who just left my house by way of the window, and what we want with you is to land you in jail.

This is absurd, said the man coolly. I can easily prove my identity. My name is Hollis Bailey and—

Oh, no doubt, you have plenty of names, put in Jepson, who was strutting about with all the importance of a captor.

Do I look like a burglar? demanded the man.

Yes; we are on to the gentleman dodge you are playing.

If you are a reputable citizen you will be ready to account for your movements during the last two hours, put in Lane. Where have you spent them?

But it cannot be possible that you—

Oh, yes I did, put in Jepson eagerly. I have got him all right. And then he called, Lane bring in the prisoner!

When the pair appeared in the door, the prisoner in front and Lane behind him, enveloped in a coat many sizes too large, and carrying his threatening pistol, Miss Barrington looked at them and gasped out: Mr. Lane what does this mean? I—

Here is the rascal who says you gave him your watch and your ring! exclaimed Jepson.

Miss Barrington turned a flushed perplexed face on the prisoner and stammered, I—do not understand. What does it mean?

Jepson looked from one to the other in troubled uncertainty. Of course you could not have given him your watch when you told me yourself that it had been stolen, he said.

Yes, my watch was stolen, answered Miss Barrington, but one of the maids found it yesterday afternoon in the grass in the back yard, where the thief had evidently dropped it, and I gave it to Mr. Bailey—this is Mr. Hollis Bailey—this evening to leave at the jeweler's for repairs.

Lane sheepishly concealed the pistol in the pocket of his big coat and looked down uneasily as if the legs of his pajamas stuck out.

He had your ring, too, blundered on Jepson desperately.

At this Miss Barrington hesitated and glanced in confusion at Hollis Bailey, and then turned with flushed face, and said, yes, I gave him the ring for—for a measure. Our engagement has not been announced—in fact it is not very old, but I am glad to have two such old friends as you and Mr. Lane know it before everybody else does.

Heads up, he said, and then went on.

Jepson opened the case and gave a startled exclamation. By Jove, Lane, here is Amy Barrington's watch. The very one that she told me was taken when their house was entered. As he spoke something fell out of the case and rang on the stone pavement. Jepson picked it up and looked at it. We have the right man sure enough! he cried triumphantly, holding up the object.

This is a ring that I have often seen Miss Barrington wear.

How did you come by the these things? demanded Lane.

I—I stammered the man. Well, Miss Barrington gave them to me.

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of restoring to you your watch and your ring.

We know that you are the burglar who just left my house by way of the window, and what we want with you is to land you in jail.

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